

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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No. 405.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1827.

Price 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Chronological Records of the British Royal and Commercial Navy, from the earliest period (A.D. 827), to the present time (1827). Founded on Official Documents, &c. By César Moreau, French Vice Consul in London, Member of the Royal Institution, &c. pp. 85. London, 1827. Treuttel and Würtz.*

To those who are acquainted (and who in the commercial or literary world can be otherwise) with that extraordinary work of M. C. Moreau, in which with incredible industry and surprising accuracy, he presented at one view every thing connected with the state of British trade, during the last century and a quarter, and that no less laborious and difficult compilation, in which embracing more than two centuries of the wide and intricate operations of commerce, he placed before the public a clear and faithful statement of the East India Company's records and financial affairs,—to those, we say, who are acquainted with those striking instances of united talent, ingenuity, and labour, it were perfectly useless to represent the peculiar fitness of M. Moreau for the great task which he has here accomplished. Whatever of zeal and perseverance, of indefatigable effort, careful investigation, and untiring research were demanded by the present history, M. Moreau has thoroughly supplied. In the triumphant fulfilment of a gigantic undertaking, he has no less ensured the respectful attention of the present age, than the gratitude and admiration of posterity,—and has erected to himself an honourable and enduring monument in the three national works, with which he has at once benefited our country, and adorned our literature.

Nothing that we could offer in the way of quotation, or might attempt descriptively, would convey to our readers an idea of the ample and diversified masses of information which are here collected. The author's materials have been scarce tracts (British and Foreign), valuable authenticated and original manuscripts, and parliamentary records, all of which he has illustrated with copious tables, constructed on a novel and ingenious plan, exhibiting every thing of moment in Naval Chronology, and frequently acquainting us with particulars of which we were either entirely ignorant, or only partially informed. From M. Moreau's interesting account of our earliest naval annals, we select a passage which describes the strenuous endeavours of the patriotic Alfred to raise an adequate sea-force for the protection of his country.

'There can be no question, that the first English monarchs, Egbert, Ethelwulf, and his three elder sons, who were all cruelly ha-

ressed by the continual invasions of the Danes, were very sensible of the disadvantages they laboured under, for want of a sufficient fleet to meet their enemies at sea, and prevent their landing; and that they were earnestly desirous of supplying that defect. But there is nothing in the world more difficult than to restore a naval power when it is fallen into decay, in a country where there is little foreign trade, to furnish ships, and to be a nursery for seamen; and in the face of enemies who are masters of the sea. To an ordinary genius, this must appear impracticable. What admiration, then, is justly due to that extraordinary prince, who not only attempted, but accomplished that difficult undertaking; who raised a mighty naval power almost out of nothing; revived foreign trade, and wrested the dominion of the seas out of the hands of the insulting Danes? This was the great Alfred, who presents himself in so many amiable points of view, to one who studies the Anglo-Saxon history, that it is impossible not to contract the fondest and most enthusiastic admiration of his character. It is much to be lamented, that we have such imperfect accounts of the means by which this great prince accomplished the many wonders of his reign, and particulars of the methods by which he restored the naval power and foreign trade of England, when they were both annihilated. The few historians of those times were wretched monks, who knew little of these matters, and thought it sufficient to register, in their meagre chronicles, that such and such things were done, without acquainting us with the means by which they were accomplished. We must try, however, to make the best of the few imperfect hints which they have left us, and endeavour to set this important part of the naval history of England in as clear a light as possible.

'Nothing can more fully demonstrate the low state of the shipping and trade of England at the accession of Alfred to the crown, than the feebleness of the first fleet with which he encountered his enemies at sea. After four years preparation, he got together five or six small vessels, with which he put to sea in person, A.D. 875, and meeting with six sail of Danish pirates, he boldly attacked them, took one; and put the rest to flight. (Chron. Saxon, p. 83.) A victory which, though small in itself, probably gave him no little joy, as it was on an element to which the Anglo-Saxons had long been strangers. His misfortunes at land, which threatened the total ruin of himself and kingdom, obliged him to suspend the prosecution of his design of raising a naval power for some time. But no sooner had he retrieved

his affairs by the great victory which he obtained over the Danes at Eddington, A.D. 878, than he resumed his former scheme, and pursued it with redoubled ardour: and the means he employed to accomplish it were equally humane and wise. Instead of satisfying his revenge, by putting the remains of the Danish army to the sword when they were in his power, he granted them an honourable capitulation, persuaded their leaders to become Christians, assigned them lands in East Anglia and Northumberland, and made it their interest to defend that country which they came to plunder. (W. Nalms. l. 2, c. 4.) With the assistance of these Danes, who had many ships, and were excellent sailors, he fitted out a powerful fleet, which Asserius tells us he manned with pirates, which was the name then commonly given to the Danes by all the other nations of Europe; and with this fleet he fought many battles against other Danish fleets with various success. (Asser. p. 9.) There can be no doubt that this wise prince put many of his own natural subjects on board that fleet, both to learn the arts of navigation and fighting ships, and to secure the fidelity of the Danes; of which he had good reason to be suspicious. Still further to increase the number of his seamen, he invited all foreigners, particularly the people of Old Saxony and Friesland, to enter into his service, and gave them every possible encouragement. (Asser. p. 13.) As he well knew that a flourishing trade was the best nursery for seamen, and of great advantage to the kingdom, he excited his subjects to embark in it by various means, as particularly by lending them money and ships, and by others, that will be hereafter mentioned. (Anderson's History of Commerce, c. 1, p. 44.) By these, and probably by other methods which have not come to our knowledge, Alfred raised so great a naval power in a few years, that he was able to secure the coasts of his kingdom, and protect the trade of his subjects.

'King Alfred, who may, with great propriety, be called the father of the British navy, raised the naval power and foreign commerce of England, from that state of annihilation, in which he found them at the beginning of his reign, and before the end of it, rendered them both much greater than ever they had been in any former period of the Saxon government. That the naval power of England was greater in his time than ever it had been before, is evident, from the many victories which he obtained over the Danes at sea, who, till then, had been considered as invincible on that element.'

In this style does the author travel down to our own times, omitting no event of interest,



suppressing no circumstance worthy of consideration; and, in a word, providing us with a naval history, more concise, and at the same time more comprehensive, than any we could previously boast.

One of the most easily extractable portions of these Records, is a 'History of the Steam Navigation,' an article compressing so many facts within small space, yet connecting them so clearly, that we have much pleasure in copying the whole.

The idea of propelling vessels by the action of wheels and paddles, instead of oars, seems to have occurred at a remote period. The mode of carrying the project into execution, is clearly, though concisely, described in a very curious and learned treatise, *De Re Militari*, by Valturius, of Rimini. This remarkable work is justly deemed one of the finest and earliest specimens of typography and wood-engraving. It was first printed by John of Verona, in 1472, and from the same press an Italian translation of it, by Paul Ramusio, issued in 1483. It was afterwards reprinted, at Paris, in 1532, in the original Latin, by the celebrated printer, Christian Wechelius.

The atmospherical steam-engine, which had been invented by Nerrcomen, and improved by Brighton, began to be pretty generally adopted in the coal-works about the year 1720, and it does not seem to have required any great stretch of imagination to direct such an efficient power to other purposes besides the raising of water.

The first attempt, on record, to apply steam to navigation, was made by Jonathan Hulls, who, on the 21st of December, 1736, obtained a patent, to endure for 144 years, for what may, without impropriety, be called a steam-boat. The letters-patent, and a description of this boat, illustrated with a plate, are contained in a very rare tract; published by Hulls, in 1737, under the following title: *A Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine for carrying Vessels or Ships out of or into any Harbour, Port, or River, against Wind and Tide, or in a Calm.*

Thus Jonathan Hulls appears to have been the first person who suggested the propulsion of vessels by paddle wheels moved by steam. His mode of converting the rectilinear into a rotatory motion, was ingenious, though not so simple as the crank. About the year 1772, the celebrated Mr. Watt had completely remodelled the steam-engine; and before 1779 it was, by various improvements, reduced to a compendious form, and adopted to almost every purpose where great power was required. The idea of employing it to propel vessels then naturally suggested itself. One of the first to whom it occurred, was the Marquis De Jouffroy, who, in 1781, constructed a steam-boat, on the Saone at Lyons, it was 140 feet long, and he made several experiments with it.

In 1785, two keen competitors for the invention of steam-navigation, appeared in America; viz. James Rumsey of Virginia, and John Fitch of Philadelphia.

Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, made many experiments on

the best mode of impelling single, double, and triple vessels, with paddle-wheels, by the power of men and horses; and printed and circulated extensively, an account of a *Triple Vessel* and wheels, in February, 1787. In this tract, he states, "I have also reason to believe, that the power of the steam-engine may be applied to work the wheels so as to give them a quicker motion, and, consequently, to increase that of the ship. In the course of this summer, (1787) I intend to make the experiment."

The first American steam-boat which completely succeeded, was launched at New York, on the 3rd of October, 1807, (five years before the construction of the *Comet*, at Port-Glasgow,) and soon after plied between that city and Albany, a distance of 160 miles.

In Great Britain, steam-vessels were first brought into use, in 1812, upon the Clyde. They were built at Port-Glasgow, Greenock, and Dumbarton. When launched, they were towed at a very trifling expense up the Clyde to Glasgow, situated in the midst of inexhaustible mines of coal and iron, and where the number of skilful, practical engineers and artificers rendered the construction of the engines and machinery easy, and the prices moderate.

The early experiments were, of course, made upon a small scale. The first steam-boat actually put to use there was the *Comet*, (40 feet keel, 10½ feet beam, 4 wheels, 4 shovel-shaved-paddles on each, with a cistern of fresh water to feed the boiler,) she had an engine of only three horses' power.

The success of the first experiment soon excited competition; and a larger vessel, the *Elizabeth*, (58 feet on deck, 11 feet beam, with an engine of 8 horses' power,) was completed in March, 1813, and for a time proved very profitable to the proprietors. The third boat, the *Clyde*, which began plying in July in the same year, was still larger in her dimensions; being 70 feet keel, 75 feet on deck, 13 feet beam, with an engine of 14 horses' power.

In 1823, there were about thirty-five steam vessels on the Frith of Clyde, some of which sail from Glasgow almost every hour, or half hour, during day-light, to the various ports, &c. Since 1821, two steam-vessels have regularly sailed from Leith to Aberdeen, calling at several of the intermediate ports. Five or six steam luggage boats are constantly employed as lighters and draggers of other boats, for the speedy conveyance of goods from Glasgow to the parts of exportation, and occasionally towing large vessels in or out of harbour. The annual voyages of each of those 35 vessels may be averaged at 10,000 English miles, consequently, the whole sail 350,000 miles yearly, or nearly 14 times the circumference of our globe.

On the Holyhead station, to carry mails between England and Ireland, there are three steam-vessels employed. The average passage is half the time in which the average passage of sailing vessels used to perform the voyage.

It appears from the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Representatives,

for Session, 1817, that there were then 17 large steam-boats in constant employment on the American rivers, besides ferry-boats.

The *Savannah*, of 350 tons, was the first steam-vessels that crossed the Atlantic. She arrived at Liverpool on the 20th of June, 1819.

At present, steam-boats frequently ply between London and Dieppe, Rouen, Havre de Grace, Cadiz, Corunna, Alicant, Vigo, Lisbon, and other ports of France, Spain, and Portugal. Every season they are becoming more numerous, and adventurous, in sailing to greater distances, and through heavier seas; such as, the Bay of Biscay, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Gulfs of Finland, Bothnia, &c. A steam-packet, carrying the mail, now sails between Kiel, in Holstein, and Copenhagen. In the Adriatic, the *Carolina* goes every second day from Venice to Trieste, and the *Eridano* to Pavia; the latter voyage being usually accomplished in 37 hours. The *Royal George* steam-packet, makes her passage from Portsmouth to Corunna in from 60 to 64 hours; a distance of between 400 and 500 miles.

Steam-navigation, though still limited in its operation, is a splendid triumph of ingenuity, and constitutes an epoch in the history of the mechanical arts. It has opened a most beneficial internal commerce in the vast regions of America; it has wonderfully facilitated the communication between the different parts of Europe; and by multiplying the friendly intercourse of men in all countries, it has essentially contributed to diffuse knowledge, to soften prejudices, and to quicken the efforts of general industry.

As was the case with M. Moreau's former publications, the present is a lithographic curiosity, abounding with the defects and minute errors inseparable from this mode of printing, (the best mode, perhaps, after all, which could be employed in publications of this unusual nature), and the perusal of which, in consequence of the extreme smallness of the characters, is a sad task for the somewhat faded powers of vision which belong to the veteran critic, though we willingly acknowledge that its weighty details and excellent arrangement have more than recompensed us for these trials of our patience and our eyes.

*Holland Tide; or, Munster Popular Tales.*  
Post 8vo. pp. 378. London, 1827.  
Simpkin and Marshall.

TALES are pleasing things when they are well told, and of late years the public have been treated with many, which have not only possessed the germ of story-telling, but have proved instructive as well as amusing, from the admixture of fact with fiction, and the illustration of national with individual character. Ireland, until a short time since, was left comparatively neglected, and whilst the annals of Scotia and England were ransacked for stores, on which to found historic tales, those of the green isle slumbered undisturbed. Even Sir Walter Scott, among his numerous romances, has not given us one which has an Irish basis; and until Mr.



Banim appeared in the horizon of literature, Hibernian manners, life, and scenes, were but partially known to us. This was the more to be wondered at, as in Ireland and its inhabitants, an author has a most extended range for the exercise of his abilities; but to portray correctly the various beauties of the one, and the deep feeling, the passionate spirit, and the extreme nationality of the other, requires many requisites, which nothing but genius and an intimate knowledge of the subject can possibly produce.

The volume before us has evidently been written by a native of Ireland, and perhaps would never have been written at all, but for the success attending the publication of the *Boyne Water* and the *Tales* by the O'Hara Family. We cannot in justice aver that it is equal in excellence to the works of Mr. Banim, but we conscientiously recommend it as possessing many pleasing charms, strict observance of character, a clear and correct style, with a bustling development of plot, (we speak chiefly of the first tale, which occupies two thirds of the volume, the rest merely forming fragments of legends, fairy stories, &c.) calculated to awaken and keep alive the attention of the reader.

The meeting of a party at Holland Tide, or November eve, a period once celebrated in Ireland, for harmless festivity and jocund humour, occasions the recital of seven tales, said to be related, for the amusement of the rest, by seven members of the company. Our author observes, that 'these stories lulled some to sleep and awakened others, each finding its particular number of indulgent, gratified, and attentive auditors, though no single one, perhaps, succeeded in pleasing all. This,' he further continues, 'may be their fate among a more extended and enlightened audience;' but if treated leniently, he promises something before long, which may be more worthy of criticism.

For ourselves, we candidly affirm, that the sooner he fulfils his promise, the earlier we shall be pleased, as his present essay betokens much of afterworth. We shall now deliver our critical verdict on each of these seven histories. The first and most important, *The Aylmers of Bally-Almer*, is cleverly and equably written. In its construction it bears rather too much resemblance to *Crohoore* of the *Bill-hook*, in the *Tales* by the O'Hara Family, but has many original points about it, and pictures several scenes abounding in intense interest and passionate display. The *Hand and Word* is a fine piece of writing, worthy of its romantic theme; in it are exquisite description, natural feeling, and a due contrast of character. *St. Martin's Day* is fairy and well told. The *Brown Man* we dislike, a child of six years would like it better. Persecutions of *Jack Edy* is humorously given, and deserves some little attention from the superstitious customs it describes; this is likewise founded on elfin pranks. *The Unburied Legs* is laughable, and that is the best we can say of it; and *Owney and Oweyna-Peak* is worthy a smile and the nursery.

In the above record of opinion we have censured as honestly as we have praised, but

our admiration of the volume is founded on its two first tales; and in support we shall give an extract or two, which, we doubt not, will fully confirm it. In the *Aylmers of Bally-Aylmer* the interest principally turns on the commission of murder, said to be perpetrated on the person of Robert Aylmer, Esq. by his friend Cahill Fitzmaurice, when both of them were engaged in smuggling transactions. For this crime the latter is tried, but for want of evidence is honourably acquitted. Remorse, however, preys on his mind, and he adopts the son of the deceased, manages his estate, and with all possible care and affection, rears him to the age of nineteen, at which period the history commences with young Aylmer's return to the home of his childhood, after an absence of nine years in Dublin. Fitzmaurice has a daughter, Katherine, who tenderly loves his young charge, and from letters received, young Aylmer's arrival is hourly expected. After an interesting adventure in the mountains, our hero arrives at Bally-Aylmer, arrays himself in a suit of his father's clothes, (his own garments being wet,) and makes his appearance at Kilavariga House, (the seat of Fitzmaurice,) before his guardian and Katherine; by the first he is received with agitation, caused by the sight of his apparel; and by the second with genuine and warm-hearted affection. But we are proceeding at too swift a pace, and shall retrograde a few paces, to allow the author to tell these things in his own way:—

'It was too cold a morning to think a great deal of love, and yet, as Aylmer took his way over the crisp and frosty meadows that lay between him and the residence of the Fitzmaurices, he could not avoid renewing his conjectures as to the probable effect of time on the frame and mind of his fair play-fellow, and repeatedly putting the silent question to his heart, whether he should now seriously fall in love, or no. Capitulation, on such occasions, is a very usual consequence of parley; but as this happens to be one of those situations of the heart (so useful to a story-teller,) in which the reader is kind enough to find novelty and entertainment even in repetition, just as one thinks the dinner-bell, at forty years of age, sounds quite as sweetly as it did at ten, there can be no great harm in following the steps of the deliberator through all the gradations of his defeat. His spirit warmed within him, in spite of the season, as he saw the smoke curling off in light blue masses, (it is turf smoke we speak of, gentle London reader,) from the chimneys of Kilavariga-house, (those classical names are destructive to all sentiment,) every stone, and brick, and tile, and crick, and cranny of which were as familiar to his memory as the shape of his nose or the colour of his hair. There was the great avenue gate, on which Kate and himself, when relieved from the stern constraint of their guardian's eye, were wont to indulge in a fine romping bout of swinging, and riding, and shouting, and screaming, and laughing; and which, if the truth must be told, was the scene of many a serious battle-royal between the pair, so far as that fray could be called a

battle, in which all the offence lay on the feminine side. Stepping over the stile on one side of the closed entrance, a greater number of remembrancers of the olden time started up before him—the haggard (Irish-English for hay yard,) behind the stacks of which they had played many a merry game of hoop, and hide and seek; the little pond, on which they had launched their green flag-boats, and cheered them as they skimmed over the surface, with as keen and, certainly, quite as philosophical an interest, as the spectators of the T. Y. C. matches on the banks of father Thames. Leaving all these sweet stimulants of memory behind him, however, Aylmer approached the dwelling of the still sweeter being to whom they were indebted for more than half their interest. As he crossed the lawn, his eyes fixed on the window of the parlour, which (not the gentle instinct of affection, though we would fain assert it, but) his memory told him was her appointed place of work, of study, and of elegant amusement, he saw the light muslin blind withdrawn for an instant, and a fair face, with hair clustering about it, in papers, like ripening grapes, just showed itself, and "vanished, like a shooting star." The blind was re-adjusted, and Aylmer beheld nothing further of the inmates of Kilavariga, until he had applied himself to the brazen knocker of the hall-door. It was opened almost instantly, by (not the dear hand which his throbbing heart had led him to anticipate, but) the more robust and substantial one of Norry, the "getter up of small linen" to the establishment. Those who saw Norry on her return to the kitchen, averred that there were, in the heightened colour of her cheek, and the sprinkle of her eye, tokens of a welcome on her part, and a greeting on Aylmer's, a little more Irish than the lady of the house might have been pleased to witness; but this is none of our business. Aylmer hurried on, with a pulse throbbing in the tumultuousness of expectation, into the parlour, but he found no one there, although the disposition of the furniture showed him that it had been very recently abandoned by its mistress. The slight feeling of disappointment which this seeming coldness and tardiness gave occasion to, was quickly removed, however, by the appearance of two or three curl-papers dropped near the pier-glass. Aylmer smiled most roguishly and impudently, as he stooped to pick one up; but he was properly punished for his conceit and impertinence. It was torn from one of his own best composed and most poetical epistles.

'Humbled and irritated a little, he began, in the absence of his friend, to collect from the objects around him all the indications of the present state of her mind and habits which these could supply. The dark-grained, well-polished oaken floor was strewn (around the work-table) with fragments of dress, a species of feminine carelessness, which however severely reprehended by mothers and governesses, has always been regarded both by Aylmer and myself with much tenderness, as imparting a very civilized air to a mansion, when disposed with a



sufficiently careful negligence. Nothing is more ornamental to a lonely house, in a wild country, than those scattered symptoms of gentle womanhood. A volume of Ferrar's History of Limerick, lying with a thread-paper between the leaves, enabled Aylmer to form a diagnostic of a little female patriotism, while an unmuffled harp, with a music stand and book near the window, rather modestly thrown into shade, gave indications of higher accomplishment than he had even been led to hope for. All these delightful conclusions were, however, soon cut short by the sound of a light foot upon the staircase without. His heart leaped into his eyes, as he bent them on the door—the handle stirred—it was opened.

"Kate! Kate!"

"Oh, William!"

"I know that there are many very respectable persons, whose theory as well as practice it is to make all the impulses of passion and feeling, as well as all the varieties of action and attitude, obnoxious to the rules of etiquette—who can be joyous within limit, or most elegantly disconsolate, as the occasion may require—and to such I can have no apology to offer for the conduct of my heroine at this conjuncture. She received the friend and playmate of her childhood with an ecstasy truly barbarous—there is no denying the fact—she almost rushed into his arms—she hardly checked the kiss which he was presumptuous enough to snatch from her, and very faintly even on its repetition—her delight was outrageously unsophisticated and natural—it was, in fact, an Irish meeting 'all over.'"

"Aylmer was about to question his fair friend on the subject of her father, when the door again opened, and the old man entered. He advanced hurriedly to welcome his protégé, and scarcely looked at him until he had grasped his hand, while his own, as Aylmer felt, trembled in the effort. He was about to speak when his eyes fell full on Aylmer's person; he glanced quickly and rather wildly over his dress and features; and the words of welcome stuck in his throat. He dropped the young man's hand, and shrunk back with a look of mingled wildness and distrust.

"Oh, father," exclaimed Kate, her eyes filling up, "won't you speak to William?"

"What is it, Kate?—Come near me, give me your arm, child."

"Oh, Mr. Fitzmaurice, is this my welcome home?"

"Father, dear father!"

"Let the candles be lighted in my room, the sky is darkening. God bless us! What ails you, Kate?—I am well, I am very well. Stand back, Aylmer!"

"I am not welcome then!"

"Stand back, I say! no—yes—welcome!—Kate, keep near me, my darling. You wrong me, young man, indeed you do!"

"How, sir!—O tell me!"

"May the great and merciful Lord of the universe forgive us all! Surely we are none of us without our weaknesses! William, do I deserve this of you? The night has fallen already:—Kate, come with me, and

get candles in my room. Don't drag me down so, girl! I have weight enough upon me: this way;" and gathering the terrified and weeping girl closer to him, he hurried through the door, leaving Aylmer overwhelmed with wonder, indignation, and dismay.

The young man, from various rumours, suspects Fitzmaurice of murdering his father, and after an interview with him, in which the culprit nearly betrays his crime, he absents himself from the house. We pass over much minor matter to arrive at the confession of Fitzmaurice to his daughter—that he is guilty. The following sentence is in reply to her observation, that his happiness is her's; his wishes, her laws:—

"Aye, Kate," said he, "but will you continue to hold this sentiment? Suppose the time should come when none but you could or would do other than revile and hate me, do you think you would continue to honour your old, and perhaps erring, but fond, fond parent?"

"It was the commandment of the Eternal God himself," exclaimed the maiden, in a burst of staid enthusiasm, "delivered amid the lightnings and thunders of the Holy Mountain, 'Honour thy Father and Mother!' and there was no reservation found upon the tablet of stone. Man may prosecute, sickness may change, grief may depress, poverty may chill, or guilt may blacken the heart of the parent, but the bonds of the child are never loosened."

"Then should the world call me a guilty wretch and prove me little less, I may still have a daughter?"

"When that day comes, father, I will say my eyes and ears are false, and trust my heart alone that will speak for you against them."

The old man reclined against the head of the bed for a few moments, while his eyes closed, and his lips moved in silence. Then without altering his position, he waved his hand gently, and said in a soft and broken tone:—

"Leave me, Kate, for a few minutes to myself. I will look for you in the parlour. Clear all signs of anxiety from your countenance, and prepare yourself for a mournful confidence."

Katharine obeyed in silence, and her father, after performing the duties of the toilet, began to deliberate within his own mind the events of the morning, and their most probable consequences.

It was a passing comfort to him to know that he had at last found one to whom he might show himself such as he really was, without meeting that quick repulsive horror and distrust, which he feared worse than conscience; and yet it was a bitter humiliation to be reduced to the necessity of lowering himself in the eyes of his own child, and directing those feelings of terror and detestation at vice, which his own instructions had generated in her mind against himself in person. For one moment an involuntary wish escaped him, that he had reared his daughter, with a somewhat less acute susceptibility of the hideousness of crime, and a more quali-

fied admiration of its opposite than now formed the groundwork of her character. It was but a glance of thought, however, in which neither his reason nor his feeling had any participation, and was forgotten even before it was condemned. He concluded by determining to make the confidence which he meditated, and after praying for the first time in many a year, with a somewhat lightened spirit, he descended to the parlour, where Katharine was awaiting him.

The young lady had in the mean time been occupied with doubts and conjectures of an equally agitating though a less gloomy character. Notwithstanding the warmth of feeling into which she had been hurried by the enthusiasm of her affection during the preceding scene, she was very far from anticipating, even in thought, the possibility that her filial love could be put to so extreme a test as her words declared it capable of surviving, and she looked for nothing more in truth than her father had himself led her to expect, "a mournful confidence." Even the wild and haggard air which was about his features and actions, as he entered the room, were insufficient to lead her to suspect that his promised secret could comprise any thing of a darker or more fearful hue.

He motioned his daughter to keep her seat, and after glancing along the passage by which he approached, closed the door and slipped the little bolt into its place. Then, after pacing up and down the room several times, as if debating with himself the easiest mode of opening a conversation so replete with humiliation to one party and horror to the other, as that which he was about to enter upon, he stopped opposite his daughter's chair, and fixing his eye, all lighted up as it was with a thousand fearful emotions, on her mild and tenderly anxious glance, he said:

"You know not, perhaps, or have not considered the full extent of the consequence which you draw upon yourself by urging me to this confidence. You have not had time to think on the subject, how deeply and closely it will involve your peace of mind, nay, perhaps, your health of soul, how intimately and perfectly your fate must become intertwined with that of him, into whose secret heart you are now about to penetrate, unbidden."

"There must be safety, father," said the girl, a little startled and confounded by the strangeness of his manner, "there must be peace wherever you lead me."

"Do nothing on presumption," was his reply; "I wish you to pause and ponder well before you have my secret, for when it is once told, I shall hold you bound to me and to my service more firmly than ever, though perhaps not equally to my love."

The last words were uttered in so mournful a tone that the current of Katharine's feelings, which had been a little disturbed and qualified by the mysticism of the previous speech, again rushed into their old channel. Her eyes filled up as she grasped her parent's hand in hers, and wetting it with tears of filial love and reverence she said, in hurried and yet irresolute accents:—

"O, father, I do not know what you



mean, or what I am to fear, but speak—speak, in God's name; whatever it is that troubles you ought not to be spared to me. If it be a sorrowful tale, I may make its memory sit lighter on your heart, and two at least can bear the burden better than one. If it be guilt that—guilt," (she shuddered and was silent one instant, as she detected a word on her lips, which her will had not directed them to utter)—"forgive me, sir, that cannot be, I know.—No, father, no," in increasing agony, as she read not the indignant denial she looked so eagerly for in his cold and marbly eye—"you have taught me to love virtue, to adore a God, to fear his anger, to deserve his mercy, father! speak! speak to me—"

"Peace, girl!" said the old man sadly, yet sternly, "attribute not to the inactive instrument the music which was made by the divine breath that filled, and the hand that governed it. He who holds a light to another is most like to fall himself. Sit still and hear me." And replacing the trembling girl in the chair, which in her agitation she had left, he stood close at her side, and after a pause, began:—

"You have heard of the circumstances which attended the death of William's father?"

"Yes, yes, sir!" replied Kate, in a low and hurried tone, with a horrible failure and sinking at her heart.

"When he died there was but one friend at his side." As he proceeded, the sallow and ashy countenance of the old man became deepened in hue by the rushing of the scanty currents of life into channels which they had long ceased to visit, and his eye became gradually fiercer and fiercer, as the fear and horror that oppressed his daughter became more manifest in her look and attitude. "Sit erect, girl, and hear me steadily. You have forced me to say what, except in madness, I thought mortal ears should never hear me utter; and you must abide the consequence. Sit still, then, and do not flinch or waver while I speak to you, as you value your father's reason."

"I will, sir. I am not terrified," whispered the bewildered girl, while a strange mixture of anxiety and listlessness became blended in the gaze which she now bent on the old man.

"The two friends," he continued, after a pause of fearful recollection, "were sitting together by the little brick hob in the hooker's cabin, and talking gaily enough about the work they had both been about. Friends leagued in crime are but light lovers, though their bonds are the stronger by the addition of fear and community of guilt, than those which simple liking ties. Few words were necessary to bring the frown and the taunt where the laugh and the jest were seen and heard a little while before. A sharp speech provoked a blow, and the friendship of a long life was dissolved as suddenly as life itself when the death-stroke touches it. The man who received the indignity remained silent and gloomy during the remainder of the evening, although he did not refuse his hand when the aggressor sued for reconcilia-

tion. The disgrace was festering at his heart. Soon after, a dark and foggy night came on. Both these men ascended on deck to speak at greater freedom, and draw a somewhat purer air than that of the close and smoky cabin where they had been lying just before. At a moment when the vessel heeled more deeply than usual before the blast, while the steersman was busy at the helm, and his mate with the foresheet—and while the two stood alone and unseen, (though not unheard,) upon the fore-castle—one roaring, laughing, and unsteady with drunkenness and with triumph; the other equally intoxicated, but after a darker and more sullen fashion, and from a different cause, the aggressor staggered a little, reeled, and overhung the lee-gunwale. The opportunity flashed like lightning upon the heart of his enemy; he darted on him; and in the fierce effort almost precipitated his own fate, and mingled it with that of his victim. The fluke of an anchor, however, caught in a part of his frieze great coat, and he hung suspended between both worlds, while the dying shrieks of his victim, the gurgling of the death struggle, the angry dash of the waters, and the whirring of the wild gale, sounded in his ears like the din of the last judgment. He was saved, however. The vessel swept on, and the voice of the dying man was speedily lost in the distance. A lie protected his destroyer."

"The old man here paused, and sunk back in his chair, exhausted by the fierceness and horror of his recollected sensations; while his daughter sat stooping forward, her eyes fixed in motionless horror upon his, and every feature bent up, and set hard in an expression of devouring attention; her limbs and frame stiffening with the anguish of the dreadful suspense in which the old man's pause had left her:—

"—as if each other sense were bound in that of hearing, and each word struck through it with an agony."

"At length he resumed in a faint and hoarse tone, without daring to lift his eyes towards his auditor: "the man who died on that night was Robert Aylmer; and his murderer was —"

"Uttering a low, yet piercing scream of agony, the wretched girl cast herself at the feet of her guilty father, in an attitude of deprecation and entreaty.

"No, no, you will not say it, sir. O, do not, in the name of the Heaven you have taught me to venerate, plunge us both into such a gulf of horror. What, my father! my kind, good father, in whose bosom I have been fondled—whose lips I have kissed—whose hand has blessed me morning and evening for fifteen years;—my dear, dear father, do a deed so full of horror and crime—a murderer—a secret murderer!—Ha!" with a cry of exultation, as a momentary flush of burning pride and shame, the impulse of an uncalculating instinct passed over the brow of the old man at the branding epithet,—"I see it there—I knew it could not be; you are not he of whom you spoke, father? Forgive, forgive me, sir, for so cruel, so insulting an anticipation of your words."

"It is too late for recanting them now," said Fitzmaurice quietly, but with a dreadful ghastliness in his eye: "the blood of my oldest friend is on my hands; I have told my sin, and my soul is lighter."

"Good Heaven! blessed mother of God!" muttered Katharine, as she rose from her knees, and passed one hand in a trembling and hurried manner over her forehead, and about her loosened hair, while her eye became fixed in stupid terror on the earth. A silence of terrible reflection to both ensued. Fitzmaurice perceived at a glance that he had for ever lost the esteem of his child. That was bitter. Katharine beheld, in one short hour, the peace, the happiness of her whole existence withered and parched up; her duty made burdensome as crime; her heart's warmest and oldest affections made grievous to her soul, its faith disproved, its idol broken down, and the shrine of its worship polluted and made desolate. This was more bitter still.

After a pause of some minutes, Fitzmaurice approached her and held out his hand. She shuddered, and shrunk back upon herself with an involuntary action and half-stifled exclamation of repugnance. He attempted to smile, but his lip grew pale, and his brows were knit in anguish at the change.

"I thought this, Kate," he said sadly; "but I do not blame you for it. And yet it is a sad promise to me of what I am to expect from a malignant and suspicious world, when my own daughter, whom I have reared and cared for now sixteen years, shrinks from my touch as if it were that of a viper."

Perceiving that this appeal was ineffectual, and that the stroke had been too hardly dealt on his daughter's heart, Fitzmaurice continued, rising, "and now, Kate, though I put your affection to a strong test before I spoke to you on this, you shall not find me ungenerous enough to profit by the hasty enthusiasm of the moment. I have lost your love. I grieve for it, but I do not blame you. Yet, without your love I will never allow your service nor companionship. Go you out at that door—I will take this; and let that be our final parting. Go, my loved, my injured child; forget your miserable father; think of him as of one departed, but not in crime, for that would make his memory bitter to you; but as one who erred, and found the grace that Heaven treasures for the penitent. Another land must be my refuge from the retribution which my guilt demands, and must afford me time to labour for that divine grace. Farewell, Kate; go, and be gay and happy, and innocent as ever, and leave your old parent to his guilt, his sorrow, and his solitude."

This speech had the effect on its hearer, which the speaker wished and intended. The sluices of her soft and feminine passions had been all dammed and choked up, almost to suffocation, by the grand and overwhelming horror that had been thrown about her, and only wanted a single pressure on the master-spring, one whisper in the ear of the heart to set them flowing again, in all the impetuosity of interrupted feeling. She flung herself into her father's arms, and twined her own around



his neck, while she leaned her head against his bosom in a hysterical passion of grief.

"No, no, father!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could give words to her affliction, "part we shall not at least. Whatever you may have been to others, you have been always kind, and tender, and good to me, and my hand must not be the first to cast the stone at my only friend. The changes of the world can affect us but little, for we have always lived more to ourselves than to it; and a life of loneliness will be nothing more than a prolonging of past quiet. Yes, father, my resolution is taken. If you must leave home for ever, you take all my home with you; and, for my own heart's ease, I must follow it." It can hardly be said, (for thoughts will often come unbidden, and make obstinate battle with the will,) that we charge the gentle and affectionate Kate with any selfishness of feeling, in acknowledging that while she spoke the last sentence, a new thought, a new fear, and a new pang darted into her heart, and seemed, for the moment, to have almost cleft it asunder. William Aylmer? She gasped for breath, while her aged parent folded her to his breast, and moistened her neck with the first tears he had shed in many days.

The preceding abounds in harrowing interest, and the eloquence with which it is delivered demands and deserves a high meed of praise. Fitzmaurice is subsequently brought to trial, and is saved from punishment, by the appearance in court of the supposed murdered Aylmer; the two lovers are united in marriage, and the former friends, forgetting the past, rejoice in the happiness of their children.

We have given but a slight sketch of the plot; there are various characters introduced to fill up, on which mostly depends the nationality of the tale. We must refer the reader to the volume for the remainder of the stories. We did intend to have paid attention to the Hand and Word, but the Aylmers of Bally-Aylmer has almost beguiled us of our 'propriety' of space, and we are unwillingly obliged to conclude.

Holland Tide and its tales, we have no doubt, will be much read, and we shall open with pleasure a new work by the same author.

*German Romance: Specimens of its chief Authors; with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By the Translator of Wilhelm Meister, and Author of the Life of Schiller. 4 vols. 12mo. pp. 1330. Edinburgh, 1827, William Tait; London, Charles Tait.

THIS title is enough to provoke one to string together a lot of unmeaning generalities, and make one travel with immense self-satisfaction 'the ancient beaten highway of commonplace,' talking of mankind's incurable propensity for the gloomy and the mysterious, and of the 'ample room and verge' which these qualities find in German novel-writing. We could doubtless be as edifying as our brethren on these much-agitated matters, but we prefer proceeding at once to some account of the present specimens, and of the biographical and critical remarks with which they are

enriched. Volume the first is occupied with notices of Musæus and La Motte Fouqué; three or four striking translations from the first, follow a biographical sketch, in which the peculiar character of the former, as a man and as a writer is minutely analysed. He is said to have been a man of fine and varied talent, but scarcely of any genius; a practical believer in the Horatian maxim, *nil admirari*: of a jovial heart, and a penetrating, well-cultivated understanding;—one who saw things as they were, and had little disposition or aptitude to invest them with any colours but their own. By profession a Momus, he looked upon the world as little else than a boundless chase, where the wise were to recreate themselves with the hunting of follies; and perhaps he is the only satirist on record of whom it can be said, that his jesting never cost him a friend. 'His humour,' observes his eloquent biographer, 'is, indeed, untinctured with bitterness; sportful, ebullient, and guileless as the frolics of a child. He could not reverence men; but, with all their faults, he loved them, for they were his brethren, and their faults were not clearer to him than his own. He inculcated or entertained no lofty principles of generosity; yet though never rich in purse, he was always ready to divide his pittance with a needier fellow man. Of vanity, he showed little or none; in obscurity, he was contented; and when his honours came, he wore them meekly, and was the last to see that they were merited. In society he was courteous and yielding; a universal favourite; in his chosen circle the most fascinating of companions. From the slenderest trifle he could spin a boundless web of drollery; and his brilliant mirth enlivened without wounding. With the foibles of others he abstained from meddling; but among his friends, we are informed, he could for hours keep the table in a roar, when, with his dry inimitable vein, he started some banter on himself or his wife; and in trustful abandonment, laid the reins on the neck of his fancy to pursue it. Without enthusiasm of character, or any pretensions to high or even earnest qualities, he was a well-conditioned, laughter-loving, kindly man; led a gay jestful life; conquering, by contentment and mirth of heart, the long series of difficulties and distresses with which it assailed him; and died regretted by his nation as a forwarder of harmless pleasure; and by those that knew him better, as a true, unassuming, affectionate, and, on the whole, very estimable person.

The specimen, from La Motte Fouqué, is a little tale, entitled Aslauga's Knight; it is thus faithfully described by the editor:—'An extravagant fiction for the basis; delicate, airy, and beautiful delineations in the detail; and the everlasting principles of faith, and integrity, and love, pervading the whole; and this,' adds the critic, 'is frequently the character of Fouqué's writings.' Of Ludwig Tieck, (who, with Hoffman, occupies the second volume,) we are told that he was born at Berlin on the 31st of May, 1773, and is known to the world only as an author. His early works attracted little no-

tice, and are still regarded as immature products of his genius; the opening of a cloudy as well as fervid dawn; betokening a day of strong heat, and perhaps at last, of serene brightness. A gloomy tragic spirit is said to reign throughout all of them; the image of a high passionate mind, scorning the base and the false, rather than accomplishing the good and the true; in rapt earnestness 'interrogating Fate,' and receiving no answer but the echo of its own questions reverberated from the dead walls of its vast and lone imprisonment. In this stage of spiritual progress, where so many not otherwise ungifted minds at length painfully content themselves to take up their permanent abode, where our own noble and hapless Byron perished from among us at the instant when his deliverance seemed at hand, it was not Tieck's ill-fortune to continue too long. His *Popular Tales*, published in 1797, as an appendage to his last novel, under the title of *Peter Leberrechts Volksmärchen*, already indicate that he had worked his way through these baleful shades into a calmer and sunnier elevation; from which, and happily without looking at the world through a painted glass of any sort, he had begun to see that there were things to be believed as well as things to be denied; things to be loved and forwarded as well as things to be hated and trodden underfoot. The active positive of Goodness was displacing the barren and tormenting negative; and worthy feelings were now to be translated into their only proper language, worthy actions. In Tieck's mind all goodness, all that was noble or excellent in nature, seems to have combined itself under the image of poetic beauty; to the service and defence of which he has ever since unweariedly devoted his gifts and his days.

Hoffman, (for we positively cannot deliver ourselves from the spell of these splendid sketches,) is introduced to us as one for whose mind proper culture might have done great things: there lay in it the elements of much moral worth, and talents of almost the highest order. Nor was it weakness of will that so far frustrated these fine endowments; for in many trying emergencies, he proved that decision and perseverance of resolve were by no means denied him. Unhappily, however, he had found no sure principle of action; no truth adequate to the guidance of such a mind. Of Hoffman's shorter pieces, it is stated that his *Meister Martin* is considered the most perfect; it is a story of ancient Nürnberg, and worked up in a style which even reminds us of the author of *Waverley*. The specimen here presented is his *Goldne Topf* (The Golden Pot.) It is an unpretending and fanciful affair; simple, graceful, and kindly in the extreme.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is thus, for the first time, presented to the English public:

'Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, one of the chosen men of Germany and of the world, whom I hoped, in my vanity, perhaps to gratify by this introduction of him to a people whom he knew and valued, has been called from his earthly sojourn since the commencement of my little task, and no voice, either



of love or censure, shall any more reach his ear.

The circle of his existence is thus complete: his works and himself have assumed their final shape and combination, and lie ready for a judgment, which, when it is just, must now be unalterable. To satisfy a natural and rational curiosity respecting such a character, materials are not wanting; but to us in the meantime they are inaccessible. I have inquired in his own country, but without effect; having learned only that two biographies of Richter are in the press, but that nothing on the subject has hitherto been published. For the present, therefore, I must content myself with such meagre and transitory hints as were in circulation in his lifetime, and compress into a few sentences a history which might be written in volumes.

Richter was born at Wunsiedel in Bayreuth, on the 21st of March, 1763. His father was clergyman of the place, and afterwards of Schwarzbach on the Saale. The young man also was destined for the clerical profession; with a view to which, having finished his school studies in the Hof Gymnasium, he in 1780 proceeded to the University of Leipzig, with the highest testimonials from his former masters. Theology as a profession, however, he could not relish; poetry, philosophy, and general literature were his chief pursuits while at Leipzig; from which, apparently after no long stay, he returned to Schwarzbach to his parents, uncertain what he should betake him to. In a little while he attempted authorship; publishing various short miscellaneous pieces, distinguished by intellectual vigour, copious fancy, the wildest yet truest humour, the whole concocted in a style entirely his own, which, if it betrayed the writer's inexperience, could not hide the existence in him of a highly-gifted, strong, and extraordinary mind. The reception of his first performances, or the inward felicity of writing, encouraged him to proceed: in the midst of an unsettled and changeable life, his pen was never idle, his productions never otherwise than new, fantastic, and powerful: he lived successively in Hof, in Weimar, Berlin, Meiningen, Coburg, "raying forth, wherever he might be stationed, the wild light of his genius over all Germany." At last he settled in Bayreuth, having here, in testimony of his literary merit, been honoured with the title of Legations-Rath, and presented with a pension from his native prince. In Bayreuth his chief works were written; he had married, and been blessed with two children; his intellectual labours had gained him esteem and love from all ranks of his countrymen, and chiefly from those whose suffrage was of most value; a frank and original, yet modest, good, and kind deportment, seems to have transferred these sentiments to his private circle: with a heart at once of the most earnest and most sportful cast; affectionate, and encompassed with the objects of his affection; diligent in the highest of all earthly tasks, the acquisition and the diffusion of truth; and witnessing from his sequestered home the working of his own mind on thousands of fellow-minds, Richter seemed happy

and at peace; and his distant reader loved to fancy him as in his calm privacy enjoying the fruit of past toils, or amid the highest and mildest meditations, looking forward to long honourable years of future toil. For his thoughts were manifold; thoughts of a moralist and a sage, no less than of a poet and a wit. The last work of his I saw advertised, was a little volume, entitled *On the Ever-green of our Feelings*; and in November, (1825,) news came that Richter was dead; and a heart, which we had figured as one of the truest, deepest, and gentlest that ever lived in this world, was to beat no more.

This is followed by a clever delineation of the peculiarities of Richter's style and habits of mind, from which we quote the subjoined eloquent and interesting passages:—

'By a critic of his own country, Richter has been named a Western Oriental, an epithet which Goëthe himself is at the pains to reproduce and illustrate in his *West-Ostlicher Divan*. The mildness, the warm all-comprehending love attributed to oriental poets, may in fact be discovered in Richter; not less their fantastic exaggeration, than their brilliant extravagance; above all, their overflowing abundance, their lyrical diffuseness, as if writing for readers who were altogether passive, to whom no sentiment could be intelligible unless it were expounded and dissected, and presented under all its thousand aspects. In this last point, Richter is too much an oriental: his passionate out-pourings would often be more effective were they far briefer. Withal, however, he is a western oriental: he lives in the midst of cultivated Europe in the nineteenth century; he has looked with a patient and piercing eye on its motley aspect; and it is this Europe, it is the changes of its many-coloured life, that are held up to us in his works. His subject is life; his chosen study has been man. Few have known the world better, or taken at once a clearer and a kindlier view of its concerns. For Richter's mind is at peace with itself: a mild, humane, beneficent spirit breathes through his works. His very contempt, of which he is by no means incapable or sparing, is placid and tolerant; his affection is warm, tender, comprehensive, not dwelling among the high places of the world, not blind to its objects when found among the poor and lowly. Nature, in all her scenes and manifestations, he loves with a deep, almost passionate love; from the solemn phases of the starry heaven to the simple floweret of the meadow, his eye and his heart are open for her charms and her mystic meanings. From early years, he tells us, he may be said to have almost lived under the open sky: here he could recreate himself, here he studied, here he often wrote. It is not with the feeling of a mere painter and view-hunter that he looks on Nature: but he dwells amid her beauties and solemnities as in the mansion of a mother; he finds peace in her majestic peace; he worships, in this boundless temple, the great original of peace, to whom the earth and the fulness thereof belongs. For Richter does not hide from us that he looks to the Maker of the universe as

to his father; that in his belief of man's immortality lies the sanctuary of his spirit, the solace of all suffering, the solution of all that is mysterious in human destiny. The wild freedom with which he treats the dogmas of religion must not mislead us to suppose that he himself is irreligious or unbelieving. It is religion, it is belief, in whatever dogmas expressed, or whether expressed in any, that has reconciled for him the contradictions of existence, that has overspread his path with light, and chastened the fiery elements of his spirit by mingling with them mercy and humility. To many of my readers it may be surprising, that in this respect Richter is all most solitary among the great minds of his country. These men, too, with few exceptions, seemed to have arrived at spiritual peace, at full harmonious development of being; but their path to it has been different. In Richter alone, among the great (and even sometimes truly moral,) writers of his day\*, do we find the immortality of the soul expressly insisted on, nay, so much as incidentally alluded to? This is a fact well meriting investigation and reflection, but here is not the place for treating it.

Schmelzle's *Journey and the Life of Fixlein* are offered,—not to satisfy curiosity, but to excite it; 'Richter's is a mind,' says the accomplished editor, 'peculiarly difficult to represent by specimen; for its elements are complex and various, and it is not more by quality than by quantity that it impresses us.' With all their wild digressions and singularities of style, their rugged, heterogeneous, and perplexed phraseology, we have read both these little works with very unusual relish. The *Life of Fixlein* abounds with passages of intense power and unaffected pathos, such as having once found their way to the heart, sink into it, and remain impressed on it for ever. Schmelzle's *Journey* is full of exquisite humour and amusing situations. Let us introduce our readers to the hero, when about to spend his 'first night in Flätz':—

'To me it has always been incomprehensible how so many men can go to bed, and lie down at their ease there, without reflecting that, perhaps, in the first sleep, they may get up again as somnambulists, and crawl over the tops of roofs and the like; awakening in some spot where they may fall in a moment and break their necks. While at home, there is little risk in my sleep: because, my right toe being fastened every night with three ells of tape (I call it in jest our marriage tie,) to my wife's left hand, I feel a certainty that, in case I should start up from this bed-arrest, I must with the other infallibly awaken her, and so by my *Berga*, as by my living bridle, be again led back to bed. But here in the inn, I had nothing for it but to knot myself once or twice to the bed-foot,

\* The two venerable Jacobis belong, in character, if scarcely in date, to an older school; so also does Herder, from whom Richter learned much, both morally and intellectually, and whom he seems to have loved and revered beyond any other. Wieland is intelligible enough; a sceptic in the style of Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury, what we call a French or Scotch sceptic, a rather shallow species. Lessing also is a sceptic, but of a much nobler sort; a doubter who deserved to believe.'



that I might not wander; though in this way, an irruption of villains would have brought double peril with it.—Alas! so dangerous is sleep at all times, that every man, who is not lying on his back a corpse, must be on his guard, lest with the general system some limb or other also fall asleep; in which case the sleeping limb (there are not wanting examples of it in medical-history,) may next morning be lying ripe for amputation. For this reason, I have myself frequently awakened, that no part of me fall asleep.

‘Having properly tied myself to the bed post, and at length got under the coverlid, I now began to be dubious about my Pontac fire-bath, and apprehensive of the valorous and tumultuous dreams too likely to ensue; which, alas, did actually prove to be nothing better than heroic and monarchic feats, castle-stormings, rock-throwings, and the like. This point, also, I am sorry to see so little attended to in medicine. Medical gentlemen, as well as their customers, all stretch themselves quietly in their beds, without one among them considering whether a furious rage, (supposing him also directly after to drink cold water in his dream,) or a heart-devouring grief, all which he may undergo in vision, does harm to life or not.

‘Shortly before midnight, I awoke from a heavy dream, to encounter a ghost-trick much too ghostly for my fancy. My brother-in-law, who manufactured it, deserves for such rapid cookery to be named before you without reserve, as the maltmaster of this washy brewage. Had suspicion been more compatible with intrepidity, I might, perhaps, by his moral maxim about this matter, on the road, as well as by his taking up the side-room, at the middle door of which stood my couch, have easily divined the whole. But now, on awakening, I felt myself blown upon by a cold ghost-breath, which I could nowise deduce from the distant bolted window; a point I had rightly decided, for the dragoon was producing the phenomenon, through the key-hole, by a pair of bellows. Every sort of coldness, in the night-season, reminds you of clay-coldness and spectre-coldness. I summoned my resolution, however, and abode the issue: but now the very coverlid began to get in motion: I pulled it towards me; it would not stay; sharply I sit upright in my bed, and cry: “What is that?” No answer; every where silence in the inn; the whole room full of moonshine. And now my drawing-plaster, my coverlid, actually rose up, and let in the air; at which I felt like a wounded man whose cataplasm you suddenly pull off. In this crisis, I made a bold leap from this devil’s-torus, and, leaping, snapped asunder my somnambulist tether. “Where is the silly human fool,” cried I, “that dares to ape the unseen sublime world of spirits, which may, in the instant, open before him?” But on, above, under the bed, there was nothing to be heard or seen. I looked out of the window: every where spectral moonlight and street-stillness; nothing moving except (probably from the wind,) on the distant gallows-hill, a person lately hanged.

‘Any man would have taken it for self-de-

ception as well as I: therefore I again wrapped myself in my passive *lit de justice* and air-bed, and waited with calmness to see whether my fright would subside or not.

‘In a few minutes, the coverlid, the infernal Faust’s-mantle, again began flying and towing; also, by way of change, the invisible bed-maker again lifted me up. Accursed hour!—I should beg to know whether, in the whole of cultivated Europe, there is one cultivated or uncultivated man, who in a case of this kind, would not have lighted on ghost-devilry? I lighted on it, under my piece of (self) moveable property, my coverlid: and thought Berga had died suddenly, and was now, in spirit, laying hold of my bed. However, I could not speak to her, nor as little to the devil, who might well be supposed to have a hand in the game; but I turned myself solely to Heaven, and prayed aloud: “To thee I commit myself; thou alone heretofore hast cared for thy weak servant; and I swear that I will turn a new leaf,”—a promise which shall be kept nevertheless, though the whole was but stupid treachery and trick.

‘My prayer had no effect with the unchristian dragoon, who now, once for all, had got me prisoner in the dragnet of a coverlid; and heeded little whether a guest’s bed were, by his means, made a state-bed and death-bed or not. He span out my nerves, like gold-wire through smaller and smaller holes, to utter inanimation and evanition; for the bed-clothes at last literally marched off to the door of the room.

‘Now was the moment to rise into the sublime; and to trouble myself no longer about aught here below, but softly to devote myself to death. “Snatch me away,” cried I, and, without thinking, cut three crosses; “quick, despatch me, ye ghosts: I die more innocent than thousands of tyrants and blasphemers, to whom ye yet appear not, but to unpolluted me.” Here I heard a sort of laugh, either on the street or in the side-room: at this warm human tone, I suddenly bloomed up again, as at the coming of a new spring, in every twig and leaf. Wholly despising the winged coverlid, which was not now to be picked from the door, I laid myself down uncovered, but warm and perspiring from other causes, and soon fell asleep. For the rest, I am not the least ashamed, in the face of all refined capital cities,—though they were standing here at my hand,—that by this devil-belief and devil-address, I have attained some likeness to our great German lion, to Luther.’

The last volume is devoted to the illustrious Goëthe, of whom it treats in a manner not unworthy of his genius. This portion of the work we shall avail ourselves of an early opportunity to notice, and, meanwhile, pronounce these specimens of German romance, a not less valuable than elegant addition to our stock of imaginative literature.

*Specimens of British Poetesses, selected and chronologically arranged*, by the REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B. A. Oxon. 8vo. pp. 446. London, 1827. T. Rodd.

THESE specimens of British Poetesses have the charm of novelty to recommend them. Among the various compilations of prose and verse which are almost weekly issuing from the press, we believe this is the only one extant, formed exclusively from female effusions. We consider the design of this volume, praiseworthy, and many most beautiful gems of poetry are now collected from the earliest periods of English imaginative literature, to the present time; which a Hemans and a Landon, with others of honourable mention have enriched and re-adorned. Much care has been bestowed on the selection, and the authors are arranged in chronological order, with a brief but pithily-written biographical notice, and one or more specimens of talent attached to each name. From such a work as this it were difficult to quote, but as the pathetic, simple, and beautiful air of ‘Auld Robin Gray’ has ever had so many admirers, we think we cannot do better than extract an account of its authorship, which is not only interesting, but may serve for reference.

‘A quarto tract, edited by “the Ariosto of the North,” and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne Barnard, and two continuations by the same authoress; while the introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the editor, dated July 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—

“‘Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; — — —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy’s air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, ‘I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father’s arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.’—‘Steal the cow, sister Anne,’ said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, ‘Auld Robin Gray’ was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing *any thing*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write



nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity."

Our fair readers we doubt not will speedily possess themselves of a volume which records so many fine examples of their sex's poetic ability, and our male friends must allow it a place in their libraries, not only for the talent it contains but in courtesy and gallantry, qualifications, which we deem inseparable from the title of English gentlemen.

#### DESCRIPTION OF DIARBEEKR, A CITY OF ASIA MINOR.

[From Mr. Buckingham's Travels in Mesopotamia, now on the eve of publication.]

THE aspect of Diarbekr, at first view, is that of a walled and fortified city, seated on a commanding eminence, appearing to be strongly defended by its position as well as its works without, and splendid, and wearing an air of great grandeur and opulence, in its mosques and towers within. The country, amid which it is seated, is every where fertile and productive. Lofty mountains in the distance, while looking eastward toward Koordistan, give an outline of great grandeur; in that direction, gardens and bridges, and pleasant summer-houses, seen nearer at hand, add softer beauties to the scene, while the passage of the Tigris, at the foot of the hill on which the town is seated, offers a combination of picturesque beauty, agricultural wealth, domestic convenience, and rural enjoyment.

After passing the Tigris a second time, we went up a steep road on the side of the hill, having gardens below us on our right, and extensive cemeteries, in more abrupt valleys, on our left, till we approached the gate called, by the Turks, Mardin Kaupusee, and by the Arabs, Bab el Mardin, from its being the gate leading to and from that town. A mass of the basaltic rock, on which the whole city of Diarbekr is built, having recently

fallen away, exposed to view an extensive cluster of distinctly-formed basaltic columns. These were in general of a pentagonal form, some of them showing a length of ten or fifteen feet, and appearing to be about a foot or fifteen inches in diameter. The stone was of a dark colour, close-grained, and was the same kind of basalt as that we had seen, in all its different degrees of firmness and porosity, from the valley of the Jordan to this place.

On entering Diarbekr, by the gate of Mardin, we passed through paved streets and crowded bazaars, till we came nearly into the centre of the city, where we alighted at the house of a certain Yuseff, a Christian merchant, to whom the Syrian Patriarch, at Mardin, had given us a letter. He received us with great kindness, and offered his utmost assistance during our stay. The whole of his family and dependants were called in, to bid us welcome, and a number of his friends and acquaintances, chiefly Christians, followed to see and congratulate the strangers. To Yuseff I knew I might safely entrust the secret of my being an Englishman, being aware that the communication of this would be as flattering to him as advantageous to myself. It was still concealed, however, from my guide, and from the few other Mohammedans who visited us; but when these had retired, and the entertainment that had been hastily prepared for the occasion, was set before us, my guide, who had no more scruples than myself as to the use of forbidden draughts, followed my example in this particular, and we, therefore, still retained our Moslem characters in each other's eye, though our practices were entirely Christian. While we sat around the board of our hospitable host, messengers were sent to the Konauk Tartar Agasi, or rendezvous of the Tartars, to ascertain whether any were soon expected from Constantinople. The principal object of our journey to this place was, indeed, to find such messengers, if possible, in the direct road between these great cities, which stand at the extremes of the Turkish empire, and to accompany them on their way.

As we had yet nearly the whole of the day before us, I was desirous of employing it in an excursion about the town, and in seeing as much of its interior as the short period allotted for our stay would admit. For this purpose, a guide was furnished me by Yuseff, the merchant, who was recommended to me as combining the useful qualities of fidelity and long local knowledge, acquired during a long residence here; and besides this, he was perfectly acquainted with Arabic, which enabled us to communicate freely. With this man I traversed the interior of the city, in every direction, visiting the mosques, the bazaars, and the baths, and after nearly four hours' rambling through crowded streets and narrow passages, halting to observe such buildings and places as were more particularly curious, we came at last to the citadel, which stands at the opposite extremity of the town to that by which we entered it. From hence we enjoyed a more commanding view of the whole city, spread

out beneath us, as well as of the surrounding country, than we could have done from any other spot; and, adding the more minute features, which we had collected in our peregrinations through the town, to this panoramic picture of it, noted on the spot, the following was the general result:—

The city of Diarbekr is seated on a mass of basaltic rock, rising in an eminence on the west bank of the Tigris, the stream of that river flowing by the foot of this hill, from north east to south-west, as it makes a sharp bend in that direction from the northward. The form of the town is very nearly circular: it is walled all around, and is about three miles in circuit.

There are four gates now open in the city, and these are called by the names of the respective quarters of the country to and from which they lead. The first, which is on the south-west, is called Bab el Mardin, or Mardin Kaupusee; the second, on the west, is called Bab el Room, or Oroum Kaupusee; the third, on the north, is called Bab el Gebel, or Daugh Kaupusee; and the fourth, on the east, is called Bab el Jedeed, or Yenghi Kaupusee. The first leads to Mardin, the second to Asia Minor, or Reumelia, the third to the mountains of Armenia and Koor-distan, and the fourth, which is a new one, to the river.

The citadel, standing about midway between these two last-named gates, is thus in the north-east angle of the town, and standing on the eminence of rock here, in a line with the walls, it overlooks the river, and its banks below, and by its elevation commands the whole of the town. The city-walls have round and square towers, at irregular intervals, and being high and strongly built of hewn stone, present an appearance of great strength; but the most securely fortified portion of it is that on the north, where the square towers are very thickly placed, and where there is a long battery of guns mounted, pointing through covered embrasures.

The remote boundaries of the view from hence, while standing on the citadel, are sufficiently marked to convey an idea of the nature of the country in which this city is placed. On the west is seen the range of Karaj Dag, or the black hills, which are of a moderate height, regular outline, and distant from ten to fifteen miles, going in a north-east and south-west direction. On the north are seen the lofty mountains of Moosh Dag, over which the road leads into Armenia and to Erzeroum, the mountains themselves being distant about twenty miles east, and stretching from west to east, as if a continuation of the chain of Taurus.

To the north-north-east, the Tigris is seen winding downward from its source in the hills, about four days' journey off, till it reaches the town itself, when it bends to the south-west, and runs past it in that direction, till it recovers its former course by a contrary bend, as before described. On the north-east, another portion of the Moosh Dag is seen, covered with snow, the range of its chain here bending south-westerly to go down through Koordistan in the line of the Tigris, running nearly parallel with its



stream, but at some distance beyond its eastern bank. On the south-east, the wavy land and hills over which we had come from Mardin, offered no particular objects to the view. And on the south west was seen a portion of the Karaj Dag, and the plain, leading in that direction towards Orfah.

The citadel, which enjoyed so commanding a position here, is now abandoned, and completely in ruins. We had even difficulty in ascending to the platform near its centre, being obliged to mount over rubbish and fallen fragments, and, on reaching the top, we found the desolation so complete, that several of the dismounted cannon, which had been left there, were now more than half buried in the earth, and long grass that had grown up around them. The form of the citadel is nearly circular; and it enclosed a space of at least a furlong in diameter. Within its ruined enciente, is still the palace of the Pasha, which is a commodious rather than a splendid building. Attached to it are extensive stables, and a Maidan, or open space, where the horses are kept in the air, and where the horsemen sometimes exercise in the use of the jereed. One of the places used as a stable presents the ruins of a handsome and noble edifice, with finely-constructed domes of brick-work, and a beautiful door with columns and pilasters, most probably the remains of an old Christian building.

In the lower part of the citadel, near one of the gates of entrance, and now, indeed, the only one, as two of the former are closed up, we saw a number of brass cannon of different calibre, lying neglected on the ground. The largest of these had a bore equal to that of a twenty-four pounder, the smallest were of the size of our long nines, but were nearly double the length of our longest guns. Some of these pieces had on them Arabic inscriptions, of the date of the 1113th year of the Hejira, or A. D. 1735, so that they could hardly have been used here before they had fallen into neglect. There were also some bombs and mortars of brass, and old armour of iron; but the guns were all dismounted, and every thing lay in one undistinguished heap.

The town of Diarbekr, as seen from this height, does not appear to cover so great an extent of ground, as Orfah, nor are the houses within it so thickly placed. The aspect is extremely different; the buildings of Orfah being generally constructed of white limestone, and these of Diarbekr being all built of black basalt for the lower stories, and of dark coloured brick for the upper ones. There are, however, several mosques, towers, and little garden-plots with trees, seen in different parts of the town, which relieve the sombre colour of the buildings, and the sameness which a succession of flat terraces always produces.

The population is estimated at an extravagant rate, by the people of the country themselves, but it may be safely asserted, that at the present moment there are about fifty thousand inhabitants. The great mass of these are Osmanli Turks, as soldiers, government officers, merchants, and mechanics.

Besides these, the Armenians, who, next to the Turks, are the most numerous, are thought to have a thousand families. The Arab, Turkish, and Armenian followers, of the Catholic communion, have five hundred families. The Syrian sect are thought to include, at least, four hundred families. The Greeks, who are the least numerous among the Christians here, have about fifty. But the Jews have of late so rapidly declined, by emigration to Bagdad, Aleppo, and Constantinople, that there are now not more than a dozen houses of them left.

Of the mosques seen from the citadel, there are fifteen with minarets, nine of these having circular shafts, and galleries in the Mohammedan style, and the remaining six having square towers, after the manner of Christian churches, which it is generally thought these edifices once were. There are five other mosques, with domes or cupolas only, and several smaller ones, without any distinguishing mark, making, altogether, about twenty-five Mohammedan places of worship. Of the Christian churches, the Armenians have two, one of which is large and richly decorated, and the other is smaller, but more tastefully adorned. The Catholics have a church, and a convent attached to it, in which two Italian Capuchin Friars live with their usual dependents. The Syrians and the Greeks have also a place of worship each, and the few Jews have a small synagogue for their service, which completes the whole of the religious buildings within the walls.

There are upwards of twenty baths in the town; of which the principal are, the Bath of Wahab Aga, the Pasha's Bath, the Bath of the Market, the Castle-Bath, and the Baths of the Camel and the Ass. The two first derive their names from their founders; the next, from their situations; and the last two, from their peculiar features, that of the camel being the largest and most spacious in all its interior divisions, and that of the ass having so little to recommend it but its cheapness, that none but ass-drivers and asses, according to the saying here, would even visit it, though it is frequented by all the poor people of the town.

There are about fifteen khans or caravan-serais, of which the chief are, Khan Hassan Pasha, Khan Cheufta, Yengi Khan, Khan Paga Oghlee, Khan Abba Chia, Khan Kirkasha, Khan Segheutty, Khan Delibashi, Khan Khalah, Khan Thaboon, and Khan Arratha. The first of these is particularly fine, and superior to any of those at Orfah. In its lower court, the corn-market is usually held. Its magazines within the piazza, which runs round this, are generally filled with goods. In the upper galleries are carried on several trades and manufactures. The rooms around form the lodgings of the travellers who halt here; and above all is an upper story, with apartments for the harems or families of those who may sojourn here, with kitchens, fire-places, and other domestic conveniences.

The bazaars are not so regularly laid out, or so well covered in, as in the large towns of Turkey generally. They are narrow, often

crooked, and mostly roofed over with wood. They are, however, well supplied with goods of all descriptions that are in request here, and, during the regular hours of business, are thronged with people. The manufactures of the town are chiefly silk and cotton stuffs, similar to those made at Damascus; printed muslin shawls and handkerchiefs, morocco leather in skins of all colours, smith's work in hardware, and pipes for smoking made of the jasmin branch, covered with muslin and embroidered with gold and silver thread.

The present Governor of the Pashalick and city of Diarbekr, whose name is Kullendar Pasha, has the dignity of three tails, and is therefore immediately dependent on the Sublime Porte only, without acknowledging any intermediate chief.

On our return homeward, we stopped at a smelting house, where they were running copper ore into large cakes, about the form, size, and weight of those sent from the stanaries in Cornwall, but less purely refined from the dross. We were told here, that the copper ore was brought from a place called Maadaan, three days' journey to the north-east of this, and that when smelted, it was sent by caravans to Orfah, Mousul, Bagdad, and Bussorah. Our inquiries regarding the price and the quantity annually exported, were suspected to arise from interested views, and were not so readily answered.

Among the minarets of the mosques, we noticed some that were highly sculptured, and in several of the square towers, were intermediate layers of red burnt-brick work, mixed with masonry of stone, after the manner of the Roman towers in the walls at Antioch, and quite as well executed as the buildings there. Amid the ruins of the castle, too, we had seen some fine arches of highly burnt bricks, which, from their form, as well as material, looked more like Roman than Saracenic work. In the bazaars and baths, there are portions of brick-work of a similar kind, which are, however, decidedly Mohammedan, as well as the mixture of basalt and lime-stone, in intermediate layers of black and white, in the khans and other large buildings. Among the broken columns of black basalt, which are seen scattered in different quarters of the town, there are, however, several Ionic capitals, which can leave no doubt of their being of Greek origin, and previous to the invasion of this country, either by the Turks or the Saracens.

It is from the circumstance of the wall and buildings of this city being constructed almost wholly of this black stone, that it is called by the Turks Kara Amid, or the Black Amid. Amida was its ancient name, and its present one of Diarbekr, which prevails chiefly with the Arabs, is, from the name of the province of which it is the capital, for the Turks still use the name of Amid, as applied to the city, in all their public writings. According to D'Herbelot, the author of the Arabic history, called Tarikh Montekheb, pretends that this place was built by Shah Amurath, a king of Persia, of the first dynasty. The emperor Constantine fortified it against the Persians. It was afterwards pil-



laged and partly burnt by Tamerlane, in breach of a solemn engagement, in the year of the Hejira 796, and, after that, Usuncassan and the other kings of Persia, had successively rendered themselves masters of it. Selim, the first sultan of the Osmanli Turks, retook it from Shah Ismael, in the year of the Hejira 921, and established there a beglerbeg, or governor of a province, with twelve sanjacks, or standards, under him.

In the History of the Invasion of Mesopotamia by Sapor, A. D. 359, the particulars of the siege of Amida are detailed with much eloquence, by the author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. After describing the military pomp of the army of this sovereign from the plains of Assyria, towards those of the Mesopotamia, and the obstacles opposed to their march by the precautions that had been taken to retard their progress or defeat their design, he says, 'that though Sapor overlooked the strength of Nisibis, he resolved, as he passed under the walls of Amida, to try whether the majesty of his presence would not awe the garrison into immediate submission. An attack was made by a select body of troops, which was answered by a general discharge, in which the only son of the besieging prince was pierced through the heart by a javelin, shot from one of the ballistæ. The funeral of the youth was celebrated according to the rites of his country, and the grief of the aged father was alleviated by the solemn promise of Sapor, that the guilty city of Amida should serve as a funeral pile to expiate the death, and to perpetuate the memory, of his son.

The Emperor Constantius had recently conferred on Amida the honour of his own name, and the additional fortifications of strong walls and lofty towers. It was provided with an arsenal of military engines, and the ordinary garrison had been reinforced to the amount of seven legions, when the place was invested by the arms of Sapor. The assault was again made; but, after an obstinate combat, the besiegers were repulsed; and though they incessantly returned to the charge, they were again driven back with a dreadful slaughter. In one of the fiercest of these repeated assaults, Amida was betrayed by the treachery of a deserter, who indicated to the barbarians a secret and neglected staircase, scooped out of the rock that hangs over the stream of the Tigris. After Sapor had tried, without success, the efficacy of force and stratagem, he had recourse to the slower but more certain operations of a regular siege, in the conduct of which he was instructed by the skill of the Roman deserters. But every mode of resistance which art could suggest, or courage could execute, was employed in the defence of Amida, and the works of Sapor were more than once destroyed by the fire of the Romans. The resources of a besieged city may, however, be exhausted. The Persians repaired their losses, and pushed their approaches; a large breach was made by the battering ram, and the strength of the garrison, wasted by the sword and by disease, yielded to the fury of the assault. The soldiers, the citizens, their wives, their children, all who had not time to escape

through the opposite gate, were involved by the conquerors in a promiscuous massacre.

When Jovian evacuated Nisibis and Singara, and restored the five provinces of the Tigris to the Persians, about four years after this siege of Amida, or A. D. 363, the unhappy fugitives of the former city, now compelled to abandon their homes, were seated in a new-built quarter of Amida; and that rising city, with the reinforcement of a considerable colony, soon recovered its former splendour, and became the capital of Mesopotamia.

During the Persian war of Kobad, A. D. 505, Amida again sustained a long and destructive siege. At the end of three months, says the historian, the loss of fifty thousand of the soldiers of Cabades or Kobad was not balanced by any prospect of success, and it was in vain that the Magi deduced a flattering prediction from the indecency of the women on the ramparts. At length, in a silent night, they ascended the most accessible tower, which was guarded only by a few monks, oppressed after the duties of a festival with sleep and wine. Scaling ladders were applied at the dawn of day; the presence of Cabades, his stern command, and his drawn sword, compelled the Persians to vanquish; and, before it was sheathed, four thousand of the inhabitants had expiated the blood of their companions.

The pillage of Tamerlane was nearly nine hundred years after this event, or A. D. 1393; and the successive sieges and captures of this place by Usuncassan and the other kings of Persia followed, until it was conquered by Selim, the first sultan of the Osmanli Turks, in A. D. 1515.

In 1644, when Tavernier travelled through these countries, Diarbekr seems still to have been considered as a part of Persia, and as such he always speaks of it. He mentions an opinion there, that the sixty-two towers in the outer wall were built in honour of the sixty-two disciples of Jesus Christ; and says, that, in his day, there was an inscription over one of the gates in Greek and Latin, that made mention of one Constantine. This was, no doubt, an inscription commemorating that emperor's repairs and embellishments here. I made many inquiries, both regarding this and the secret staircase scooped in the rock of the citadel which overhangs the Tigris, as spoken of by Gibbon, but I could obtain no account of either; and, indeed, the wonder of those whom I consulted on these subjects was strongly excited by the question, as they could not conceive the motives which led to that inquiry, nor did they know any thing, even traditionally, of the facts to which they alluded. In the time of Tavernier, the estimate of the population was much greater than at present, as he numbers the Christians alone at twenty thousand, and states that the basha or vizier could bring above twenty thousand horse into the field.

Niebuhr, in 1766, thought the number of inhabited houses to be about sixteen thousand, and the fourth part of these to be Christian dwellings. The government was then a Turkish one, as it still continues, nor

does any material alteration seem to have taken place, since that period, except probably the ordinary change of governors. The inscriptions in Kufic and Arabic, which he then copied from the walls, are, as he described them in his time, but barely legible, from their being on a soft white limestone, which is inlaid between layers of the black basalt, and from the operation of the atmosphere alone is much more liable to injury than the hard stone of the walls themselves.

The Turks of Diarbekr are conceived to be more fanatic in their hatred of Christians than in other parts of the empire: I had no opportunity of witnessing this, though it was confirmed by the report of those resident here. It was at this place that I first noticed the Armenian calpac, a sort of high and heavy cap of cloth, which is worn by the Armenians of Constantinople, Smyrna, and the north of Asia Minor, but extends no farther south than this; for in Aleppo, Orfah, Mardin, and all Syria and Egypt, as well as Mousul and Bagdad, as we were told, these are always replaced by turbans of the Arabic form. The Koords and Arabs who sojourn here preserve their own peculiar and respective costumes. The women wear their outer coverings sometimes of white muslin, as at Smyrna and Damascus; sometimes of checkered blue cotton, as in most parts of Syria and Egypt; and sometimes of black silk, as is usual among the wealthier classes of ladies at Cairo. Both sexes are subject to the eruption in the face, as at Aleppo and Orfah, but in a much less extensive degree than at either of these places, the portion here not exceeding one person in forty.

*The Natchez: an Indian Tale.* By the Viscount de CHATEAUBRIAND. 3 vols. foolscap 8vo. pp. 1036. London, 1827. Colburn.

THOUGH not overfond of penetrating into those regions of alternate flowers and thunder, in which the genius of Chateaubriand finds its peculiar home; though we prefer a single page of natural description and genuine feeling, to all the tomes of rhapsody and affectation, of foamy, frothy, stilted, declaiming, and elegant sentimentality that have ever appeared, or ever shall appear; yet we are not disinclined to award to this school all the approbation it may fairly claim. An occasional sense of beauty and purity, and an accidental happiness in portraying them; an imagined affection, (for we cannot admit the existence of any thing real or earnest in these writers,) for the sublime and extraordinary in nature, and an elaborate endeavour to illustrate and describe her most striking features, with a pretty tact in hitting off the superficial and extrinsic; these we conceive to be the prevailing attributes of such works as the present. Their grand demerits are a straining after matters far beyond their reach, and an attempt to clothe their abortive efforts in a sort of sanctified and spiritual garb. Gross and degradatory are the blunders into which they are allured by this propensity. Unfortunate and ridiculous the aspect which their mal-à-propos aspirations oblige them to assume. In each



hands 'the Beauties of Christianity' become a bye-word and a mockery, presenting little that can fascinate the eye, and still less that may affect the heart. What can be more false and foolish than the *moral* way in which this very Natchez is closed,—'There are some families whom Fate seems to delight in persecuting; but let us not accuse Providence. The life and the death of René were pursued by illegitimate flames which gave heaven to Amelia and hell to Ondouré. René suffered the double chastisement of these two criminal passions. No one can produce disorder in others without having some principle of disorder in himself: and he who even involuntarily is the cause of misfortune or of crime, is never innocent in the sight of God!'

But we turn from such disgusting absurdity to a consideration of the literary pretensions of the Natchez. We should not need the author's avowal, that this was a production of his youth; a very cursory glance suffices to convince one of the fact; and though the translator tells us that he has cut away much supernatural agency and many allegorical personages, there is yet enough of these not merely to impede the progress of the narrative and to offend good taste, but to prove that the viscount has strangely deluded himself in supposing that the veteran writer trained to his art, the man enlightened by criticism, the man of sedate mind and sober blood, has *very much* corrected the essays of an inexperienced author given up to the caprices of his imagination, or been particularly successful in weeding the work of the exuberances of youthful fancy.

In the preface to the first edition of *Atala*, (which was itself but an episode of *The Natchez*,) Chateaubriand thus alludes to the present romance:—

"I was still very young when I conceived the idea of composing an epic on the man of nature, or delineating the manners of the savages by connecting them with some well-known event. Next to the discovery of America, I could not find a more interesting subject, especially for the French, than the massacre of the colony of the Natchez in Louisiana, in 1727. All the Indian tribes conspiring, after two centuries of oppression, to restore liberty to the new world, seemed to me to furnish a subject nearly as happy as the conquest of Mexico. I committed a few fragments of this work to paper, but I soon perceived that I was in want of the true colours, and that if I would produce a faithful likeness, I must, like Homer, visit the people whom I purposed to portray."

In the *Genie du Christianisme*, too, the chapter which treats of the passions contained in these words: 'With the reader's permission we shall here give an episode, extracted, like *Atala*, from our ancient Natchez. It is the life of the same young René to whom Chactas related his history.' There is something so curious in the history of this work, that we cannot forego the pleasure of another extract from the author's preface:—

'When I quitted England in 1800 to return to France, under a fictitious name, I durst not encumber myself with too much

baggage. I left, therefore, most of my manuscripts in London. Among these manuscripts was that of *The Natchez*, no other part of which I brought to Paris but René, *Atala*, and some passages descriptive of America.

Fourteen years elapsed before the communication with Great Britain was renewed. At the first moment of the Restoration I scarcely thought of my papers, and if I had, how was I to find them again? They had been left locked up in a trunk with an Englishwoman, in whose house I had lodged in London. I had forgotten the name of this woman; the name of the street and the number of the house had likewise escaped my memory.

In consequence of some vague and even contradictory information which I transmitted to London, Messrs. de Thuisy took the trouble to make inquiries, which they prosecuted with a zeal and perseverance rarely equalled. With infinite pains they at length discovered the house where I resided at the west end of the town; but my landlady had been dead several years, and no one knew what had become of her children. Pursuing, however, the clue which they had obtained, Messrs. de Thuisy, after many fruitless excursions, at last found out her family in a village several miles from London.

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Nothing of the kind had happened. The manuscripts had been preserved, the trunk had not even been opened. A religious fidelity had been shewn by an unfortunate family towards a child of misfortune. I had committed with simplicity the result of the labours of part of my life to the honesty of a foreign trustee, and my treasure was restored to me with the same simplicity. I know not that I ever met with any thing in my life which touched me more than the honesty and integrity of this poor English family.

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hands 'the Beauties of Christianity' become a bye-word and a mockery, presenting little that can fascinate the eye, and still less that may affect the heart. What can be more false and foolish than the *moral* way in which this very Natchez is closed,—'There are some families whom Fate seems to delight in persecuting; but let us not accuse Providence. The life and the death of René were pursued by illegitimate flames which gave heaven to Amelia and hell to Ondouré. René suffered the double chastisement of these two criminal passions. No one can produce disorder in others without having some principle of disorder in himself: and he who even involuntarily is the cause of misfortune or of crime, is never innocent in the sight of God.'

But we turn from such disgusting absurdity to a consideration of the literary pretensions of the Natchez. We should not need the author's avowal, that this was a production of his youth; a very cursory glance suffices to convince one of the fact; and though the translator tells us that he has cut away much supernatural agency and many allegorical personages, there is yet enough of these not merely to impede the progress of the narrative and to offend good taste, but to prove that the viscount has strangely deluded himself in supposing that the veteran writer trained to his art, the man enlightened by criticism, the man of sedate mind and sober blood, has *very much* corrected the essays of an inexperienced author given up to the caprices of his imagination, or been particularly successful in weeding the work of the exuberances of youthful fancy.

In the preface to the first edition of *Atala*, (which was itself but an episode of *The Natchez*.) Chateaubriand thus alludes to the present romance:—

"I was still very young when I conceived the idea of composing an epic on the man of nature, or delineating the manners of the savages by connecting them with some well-known event. Next to the discovery of America, I could not find a more interesting subject, especially for the French, than the massacre of the colony of the Natchez in Louisiana, in 1727. All the Indian tribes conspiring, after two centuries of oppression, to restore liberty to the new world, seemed to me to furnish a subject nearly as happy as the conquest of Mexico. I committed a few fragments of this work to paper, but I soon perceived that I was in want of the true colours, and that if I would produce a faithful likeness, I must, like Homer, visit the people whom I purposed to portray."

In the *Genie du Christianisme*, too, the chapter which treats of the passions contained in these words: 'With the reader's permission we shall here give an episode, extracted, like *Atala*, from our ancient Natchez. It is the life of the same young René to whom Chactas related his history.' There is something so curious in the history of this work, that we cannot forego the pleasure of another extract from the author's preface:—

'When I quitted England in 1800 to return to France, under a fictitious name, I durst not encumber myself with too much

baggage. I left, therefore, most of my manuscripts in London. Among these manuscripts was that of *The Natchez*, no other part of which I brought to Paris but René, *Atala*, and some passages descriptive of America.

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of weighing, with the least possible error, the good and the evil of the two conditions.

"We were ready to leave the tables, when a cradle decorated with flowers was brought to our sorceress: it contained a new-born infant from the neighbourhood, who was come, said the nurse, for the usual presents. The Ikouessen was acquainted with the parents of the babe; she took him in her arms, observed that he had a malicious look\*, and promised to give him one day some venus-shells† to purchase necklaces‡."

In our next we shall supply a forcible contrast to this light and exquisite picture,—a scene wild, gloomy, and overwhelming, and managed with that felicitous skill in detail and attention to effect, of which few are greater masters than the author of *The Natchez*.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, &c. &c. &c. on the Adulteration of Bread and Biscuits.* 8vo. pp. 32. Sherwood and Co. London, 1827.

THE author of this pamphlet deprecates in severe and just terms the abominable practice of adulterating the most essential articles of our food, alleges that grievous maladies and sudden death are among its disastrous consequences, and recommends that the flour trade should be placed under the surveillance of the excise. It is much easier at all times to propose remedies than to carry them into effect, but the author at least deserves the thanks of society for calling public attention to a subject which, it would seem, from the parliamentary reports, has not entirely escaped the notice of his Majesty's ministers.

## ORIGINAL.

### THE LAW OF LIBEL.

THE attention of all men is anxiously directed towards the proceedings of the present Parliament. The session is likely to be a busy one, and attended, we earnestly hope, with great and beneficial results. With its political measures we have nothing to do, and still less inclination to intermeddle with them. But in whatever concerns ourselves, or our fraternity, or the misdoings of the periodical press, we have a clear right to express our opinions—'tis our vocation, Hal!

We do, then, sincerely hope that the present 'gathering' of the Commons will effect some great and marvellous change in our present absurd law of libel. There seems to be no difference of opinion respecting the necessity of this measure. All agree in stigmatising this one branch as the most musty, miserable, unjust, inconsistent, and inefficient portion of our jurisprudence. No one can quarrel with a change—every one demands it, and sees its necessity. As the law of libel now stands, it gives the lie to every sound principle of liberal legislation—it is a law which only protects the guilty, which, in many cases, enables the slanderer to asperse and malign the honest and inoffensive with frequent impunity, and which too often raises up a bulwark to defend the offensive, that its

vengeance and its punishments may fall with threefold inveteracy upon the innocent and unoffending.

What are the particular alterations intended in this chaos of anomalies, we know not, but we trust they will be bold and decisive. Half-and-half measures always fail of their effect; and it is well, if, in addition to their innate futility, they do not serve to inveterate and perpetuate greater evils than those they are intended to alleviate. If the body be unhealthy, it is of no avail to attempt to mitigate the effects of that disease; you must go up to the origin and root of the evil, and eradicate the cause. When mortification seizes upon any particular member, what service is it to attempt assuaging it by plaisters, lotions, or liniments?—The corrupt part must be amputated, or the rest of the frame cannot be preserved from infection. 'If thy right eye offend thee—pluck it out!'

Upon this principle we hope to see the law of libel well defined, and a proper distinction drawn between *malicious slander* and honest reprobation. While the punishment for the one offence ought to be awfully severe, protection from unmerited punishment, and heavy penalty, where there has been no real offence, but a real public good effected, ought to be insured to the latter. It is folly to say that this cannot be done—that it is impossible for the legislature to draw and define the limits, or fix with precision and certainty what shall be malicious slander, where the line of demarcation or of neutral crime shall be laid, and what shall be allowed to be free and fair comment. It can be done, as it has been in many other branches of offence—at least with sufficient accuracy to serve all the ends of justice. If our assertion is doubted, we will, when we find it necessary and opportune, establish the soundness of our principles by fact, example, and proof. For the present, this one reason may suffice. The criminal law of this country, which aims at the greatest precision and definitiveness, has set itself to lay down in specific terms, which admit of no variation, what particular circumstances shall constitute each particular offence. Of course it was known at the time, or if not, it was soon afterwards discovered, that in the variety of human incidents, and the nice and minute shades of distinction, fine as the gossamer's web, and almost as imperceptible, which continually occur, it was impossible for the exact and circumstantial conditions of law to reach all cases with the same certainty. In all such cases, the benefit of the doubt was given to the accused. Apply this to our suggestions on the law of libel, or point out the impropriety of so doing.

Having established this distinction, and defined it accurately, so as neither to be perverted or eluded by cunning or artifice, we would at once settle the punishment, which should await the offence of gratuitous and malicious slander. We consider this one of the most heinous offences which can be committed. To a man of moral feeling, we consider that the loss of life, by the hands of a common robber, would be much less painful, than the loss of character by such beastly and

loathsome aspersions, as part of the periodical press, within the last few years, has been in the constant habit of dealing out, without any regard to truth, and for no other purpose than that of gratifying the malice of an individual, the ends of a party, or its more inordinate and filthy love of money.

The penalty we would propose for having put forth a *malicious* libel, should be this:—suppression of the paper or journal in which the libel appeared, and a disability to all connected with it, printers, publishers, and proprietors, under very heavy penalties, ever to conduct, print, or publish that, or any other periodical, for ever after. Let not this suggestion be scouted, because it might be in some cases evaded. There is no human law, as every man of experience knows, which is not subject to the same objections and imperfections. If it is effective in the majority of cases, the end is answered as fully and completely as that of any other institution devised by the imperfect wisdom of mortality. Nor let it be said that the punishment is ill-proportioned to the offence. The spirit of human laws is not charged with vengeance for the crime committed; their intention is not so much to inflict punishment upon the wrong doer, as to protect the innocent, by preventing the offender from repeating his misdeeds, or others from imitating his example. It is the want of knowing this principle, which leads so many into error, respecting the method of equalising the penalty to the offence. Now it is notoriously true, that the public press, of late years, has put forth libel upon libel, and slander upon slander, for the sole purpose of pandering to a vitiated public taste, and increasing thereby the sale of their publication. What use is it, then, to punish the offender by a pecuniary mulct in one or two thousand pounds, when he enriches himself to more than ten times that amount by his continued system of libel and slander? He thrives and flourishes in despite of you and your penalties. It is his interest to libel still, because he gains more, much more, by this practise, than you can, or will, under the present system, take from him. The very offence which causes him to relinquish some small portion of his ill-gotten gains, causes him to increase them an hundredfold. Our remedy, then, *would* remedy all these crying sins. No man would be fool enough to take the bread of subsistence out of his own mouth. And if it be said, that the fear of rendering one's self subject to so severe a penalty, would, in many cases, deter the public press from stripping vice from its sheep's clothing—we allow it. But such an admission, be it remembered, is in exact unison with the whole spirit of our jurisprudence, throughout every branch of which this one grand principle prevails, that is,—better that ten guilty should escape, than one innocent man suffer. We are no enemies to the freedom of the press; we are for promoting free, but just comment and exposure on all occasions; but when we delegate such a trust into its hands, we would suspend a dreadful, sudden, certain, and crushing punishment over the heads of those who dare to betray that trust.

\* Voltaire.

† Money.

‡ Books.



This measure would end, in an instant, that crowd of pestilent publications, which swarm out weekly, like a cloud of locusts, from the purlieus of dirty alleys and insignificant presses. We allude to those catch-penny works, which would be harmless, but from their numbers, which make up for their stupidity and dullness, only by the boldness, grossness, and malignance of their slander, and which elude punishment and exposure merely by their littleness. Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel? But they are pernicious, hellishly pernicious, though commonly overlooked as too inconsiderable. The bee that settles itself upon your finger is brushed off without a thought, but a whole swarm has been known to infuriate a powerful animal to madness and death. One of these little grovelling venomous insects, and one of the most dangerous, from the recklessness and unblushing affrontery of its poisonous tongue, has lately gone to the dogs. 'There let it lie'—and the curse of all honest men be upon its ashes!—The cold-blooded cowardly ruffian, who crouches his ill-formed shape into some hidden hole or corner, that he may be enabled to spit forth his venom in secrecy and safety, and utter his damnable insinuations against the young and innocent, the helpless and unprotected, without the danger of responsibility or retaliation, merely because they are gifted with talents too transcendent for the ken of his grovelling ideas,—we demand of all, to whom the fair fame of a daughter, sister, or friend, is dear, whether the burning brand which glowed upon the brow of Cain, would not be a punishment too slight for such a monster!

TO —.

'I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake,  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine.'—MOOR.

Yes, other hearts may deem thee brightest,  
And other hearts may own thy sway;  
But he who knows how thou requitest  
Long truth, thus turns in scorn away.  
No eye of jet for me possesses  
(However brilliant it may beam,)—  
One charm, that but with kindness blesses,  
To mar its self-created dream.  
Go, go, I scorn thy serpent smiling,  
This heart is marble-cold as thine,  
But thine is seered with oft beguiling,  
While cold experience freezes mine.

— DE —.

SONNET.

LIKE to the forked lightning is my thought,  
Scathing each tender thing whereon it lights,  
And, like the cloud, it bursts from, I am brought  
To live as in the gloomiest of Earth's nights.  
My bosom, like the heaving ocean, frights  
The head that rests upon it by its throws;  
And this it is to dare the poet's flights,  
To soar to heaven, yet wail o'er worldly woes.  
Oh, he who feels thus hapless, sadly knows  
'Tis indescribable. It is a state  
Which speech, if from an angel's tongue it flows,  
Can never tell; and mine is such a fate,  
I've purified my feelings, 'till I've grown  
Too sensitive, and know my heart it is not  
stone.

J. D.

Cheltenham, Feb 4, 1827.

# FINE ARTS.

DIORAMA.—We gather the following information respecting this new and fascinating department of the fine arts from *Le Globe*, a French philosophical and literary journal, of very considerable merit, and of a very diversified and interesting character. If the judgment of the reviewer be correct, and our own acquaintance with M. Daguerre's powers leave us no cause to doubt that it is so, we care not how soon the 'View of Edinburgh' is transported to the Regent's Park.

M. Daguerre, in his View of Edinburgh, has triumphed over the difficulties which a moonlight scene presents to the artist, so effectually, that it appears to be rather the work of magic than of human ingenuity. Further than in the present instance, it is impossible for illusion to be carried. Unlike the efforts of former artists, in this, one cannot describe the tint of the moonlight. It is neither greenish, nor bluish, nor is it white contrasted with black,—it is—moonlight. There is no necessity for seeing the moon itself, you feel that it is above you on your left, and you are firmly persuaded that the bright rays are streaming over your head, and falling upon the ruined walls in the foreground,—upon the wide meadows,—upon the two rocks, which, like two pedestals, support the houses and public edifices of this beautiful city.

But, even all this is nothing in comparison with the obstacles which M. Daguerre has surmounted, in displaying upon one canvass, the opposite effects of moonlight and fire-light. In such scenes, the one is usually sacrificed to the other. If the picture represent a nocturnal eruption of Vesuvius, as the prominent effect is to be produced from the fire-light, the moon is merely placed in one corner, pale and powerless; on the other hand, when Vernet presents us with a beautiful Italian moon, glistening in the waters, he does not fail to kindle a fire on the shore, not so much for the purpose of warning the sailors grouped around it, as to give additional beauty and splendour to his moonshine. Observe, too, that he will not place his fire in the back-ground, for the red light would interfere with the distance, and destroy the perspective. In a word, when you are painting a fire beneath a moon-lit sky, you will not, if you understand your own interest, forget two things,—first, that the fire should be an object of little importance; and, secondly, that it should be in the foreground. Neither of these precautions have been regarded by M. Daguerre. He presents us with a fire, which is devouring above two hundred houses, and, secondly, he has placed his fire at half a league from the eye of the spectator, and yet the depth of distance is preserved.

The conflagration itself, thanks to the artificers of the Diorama, is given with all the life of the reality. Now a gust of wind beats downwards the columns of smoke, and for a while dims the brilliancy of the flame, now the wind is stilled, the smoke disperses, and the flame rises and sheds its red tint over

the houses of the new town, on the opposite height. The conflagration here depicted by M. Daguerre, broke out in the old town, on the night of the 15th of November, 1824.

# THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Miss Jarman played Lady Townley, in the comedy of *The Provoked Husband*, for the first time, on Wednesday evening, and was well received by a very full house. We do not, however, feel called upon for very extensive praise; the performance was one of those with which we are very well pleased, in which there is nothing offensive, but in which we do not discover those vivid portraiture and original conceptions peculiar to the higher flights of genius.

Miss Fanny Ayton, the successful English prima donna at the Opera-House, is a native of Macclesfield, and, says a provincial paper, affords proof that our native talent, duly cultivated, would render foreigners quite unnecessary.

A new tragedy, by Mr. Grattan, is to be brought out very speedily at Drury Lane Theatre.

Dr. Crotch's oratorio of Palestine is to be performed this season. The words of this composition were by the late lamented Bishop of Calcutta.

It is said to be the determination of the present management at Drury Lane Theatre, never to repeat, farce, opera, or tragedy, that is not decidedly successful on its first representation.

# VARIETIES.

A volume of *Servian Popular Poetry* is forthcoming, with some account of the literature and language of Servia, by Mr. Bowring.

Dr. Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University, is to be the new Bishop of Oxford.

The subjects given by the Royal Academy for the gold medal prizes this year are, in painting, 'The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise;' in sculpture, 'Hercules Delivering Hesione;' in architecture, 'A Design for a National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture.'

The statue of his Majesty, by Chantry, now nearly finished, is to be placed in a conspicuous part of the Seine, nearly opposite the Pavilion at Brighton.

Mr Turner, the professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, has this season omitted the conclusion of his annual course of lectures on that science, in consequence of the death of a near relation.

M. Huerta, a young Spaniard, recently arrived in this country, has exhibited such extraordinary powers on the guitar, at the Argyle Rooms, as to draw forth the unqualified approbation of our first musicians; indeed, it is said that his style is so wonderful, that the guitar will henceforward be considered a more perfect instrument than has been gene-



rally admitted, for he has shown that, by brilliancy of touch, its power, depth, and variety of tone, must be universally admired.

Who is there in Europe that does not recollect the devotedness of Madame Lavalette to her husband? This trait of conjugal heroism has just been engraved, in Paris, by Mr. Reynolds, his Majesty's engraver, from a painting by Horace Vernet. The artist has seized the moment when the courageous wife is throwing her mantle over the prisoner. This beautiful engraving bears the following inscription:—Dedicated to Sir Robert Wilson, P. Michael Bruce, Esq. and the Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Esq. by their grateful friend, M. C. H. Comte Lavalette.

**Natural Curiosities.**—Two immensely large smelt eels, male and female, recently taken in Gunthorpe Gowt, in the parish of Tidd St. Mary, Lincolnshire, are thus described:—the male weighed 31½ pounds, was 19½ inches in circumference; the female weighed 28 pounds, and was 18 inches in circumference; and each of them measured five feet three inches in length.

The splendid Cartoons, by Raphael, now at Hampton Court, are to be removed to a chapel, designed for them by Mr. Nash, in the new palace, on the foundation of a building which was formerly a part of the library at Buckingham House.

A dwarf, 50 years of age, not four feet in height, died in a fit of drunkenness last week at Liverpool; he formed one of a company who exhibited some of the varieties of the human species:—viz. a remarkable fat boy, a white-headed girl, and a dwarf woman only three feet high; the latter, says a Liverpool paper, was married to a tall man, and lived in lodgings; but the white-headed girl, the fat boy, the man dwarf, the master (a Malacca man,) the mistress, and a servant, all slept in the caravan!

**Scotch Weavers.**—An unemployed weaver, meeting an acquaintance, complained of the depression of business and the general distress. His friend, with great elongation of visage, exclaimed, 'Ah, Jamie, the hand of Providence is in't; it's a just punishment for our sins.'—'It may be sae, and it may not be sae,' replied Jamie, 'I canna say; but there's ae thing I'm sure o', gin that be that you say the weavers suffer more for their sins than any set of men I ken o'.'

**The Corpulent.**—Were not our good humour in proportion to our bulk, and our philosophical disdain for a certain class of scurrilous wits in excellent cultivation, we should be excessively irate at an article in the New Monthly, of which the following is one of the least exceptionable passages:—'Hume, sitting on a sofa between the ladies at Paris, was a spectacle more unbefitting his philosophy than he himself thought. A philosopher has no more business with so much fat than a lover. It is said of Gibbon, that when he made love to Mademoiselle Curchod, and went down on his knees, she was obliged

to ring the bell for the footman to help him up again. It was certainly a chivalrous step for him to take. He could not well do more for her, or get into a worse scrape. It was his *knee plus ultra*. The lady and he were the Decline and Fall. In a proper state of society, in which right and wrong were better understood than they are now, and greater stress laid on the duties of health and cheerfulness, corpulence would be reckoned disgraceful;—an assertion which we take to be a foul and impudent libel on all the bodies corporate, in fact, on every thing that is dignified, imposing, and respectable in the united kingdoms!

The Journal de Versailles announces, that the representation of the Universal Deluge is put off on account of the rainy weather.

The contest between Messrs. Combe and Jeffery on the subject of phrenology still continues. The Scotsman of Wednesday week contains another clever letter from the former, exhibiting a spirit of liberality and good humour in which the distinguished critic has, on this occasion, been 'found wanting.'

**Early Rising.**—Early rising contributes as surely to personal beauty, as the dawn does to the beauty of the world. Shape, complexion, expression, the dignity arising from the sense of having performed a duty, the pleasure arising from cheerful blood, and from being prepared to give pleasure to others, all contribute to make the charmer more charming.

**David Wilkie, R. A.**—Extract of a letter from Rome, dated 8th January, 1827:—'We are to give Wilkie a grand dinner next week—the Duke of Hamilton in the chair.'

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to express our acknowledgments for the communications of Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Bowring.

Z. is informed that we have been long acquainted with the particulars to which he solicits our attention. Should we discover that our forbearance is misunderstood, and that impertinence grows wanton in consequence of the silence we have thought proper to maintain, we shall not scruple to avail ourselves of the weapons with which the malevolence and indiscretion of our assailants have supplied us.

We are awaiting, with some anxiety, the promised communication of our friend W. W.

'Farewell, my Harp!' and 'The Conquered Pirate' are intended for early insertion.

We feel the justice of our correspondent's remonstrance, but it is not in our power to remove the evil of which he complains.

The Domestic Rhymers, No. 2, and the Letter of Peregrine Romancier, Esq. shall have early insertion.

We shall be happy to hear from W. C. of A. O. E., and to make up by future attention for the apparent neglect occasioned by unavoidable circumstances.

Meta is ever welcome. The last communication shall be made use of in the way suggested.

'The Excursions' of H. T. are of a nature too unlimited for our columns. He will find his papers at the office.

May we anticipate an early supply of 'Olives' from our friend E.?

R. B. D. will not do for The L. C.

Though we take credit to ourselves for some little celerity in the despatch of our critical affairs, we are compelled occasionally to apologize to heaps of respectable (and some really fascinating) tomes, which lie silently reproaching us for our neglect. Such is our situation at this moment,—a situation by no means pleasant, and which 'necessity, and not our will, ordains.'

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Feb. 9	28	35	29	30	36	Fine.
..... 10	29	36	30	..	09	Fine.
..... 11	29	31	32	29	80	Cloudy.
..... 12	35	39	35	..	88	Cloudy.
..... 13	32	38	29	30	11	Fair.
..... 14	30	39	35	..	03	Cloudy.
..... 15	34	35	29	29	93	Fair.—(Snow.)

**WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.**—Alma and Brilone, a Poem, 6s. 6d.—Arnault's Modern Jesuits, 6s.—The Vallies, or Scenes from Secluded Life, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.—Graham's History of the United States, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 8s.—Howard's Select Latin Phrases, 1s. 6d.—Mitchell's First Lines of Science, 7s. 6d.—Trewman's Natural History, 2 vols.—Phillips on Indigestion, 3s. 6d.—Parliamentary Review for 1826, 7s. 6d.—

#### TO EVERY MAN IN THE KINGDOM, RICH AND POOR.

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'Man preys on man, inflicting pangs more dire Than shipwreck, pestilence, disease, or fire.' London: sold by Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

On Wednesday, the 14th of February, was published, in one vol. 8vo. price 30s.

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